















## 250 BEAUTIFUL LOTS FOR SALE!

From \$200 to \$600!

### A Rare Chance for Investment and a Home.

THE MOST LOVELY PORTION OF RENO.

FACING THE TRUCKEE-THE ARISTOCRATIC RIVERSIDE AVENUE DRIVEWAY-SPLENDID SEWERAGE-HEALTHFUL LOCATION AND SAFE FROM FIRE.

The proprietor is now ready to receive proposals for lots in Powning's Addition. The map gives a good idea of the Tract, which is situated between the Central Pacific Railroad and the Truckee River, and commences on the west at a point three blocks distant from Virginia street, making it the most central and convenient of any portion of the rapidly growing town of Reno. Unlike any other part of the town, this addition faces the beautiful Truckee River, and Riverside Avenue is certain to become the fashionable driveway of the country. The streets are 80 feet wide, while Riverside and Keystone avenues are intended to be 100 feet in width. All alleys are 20 feet wide. The soil is a rich gravelly loam, and susceptible of the highest state of cultivation. Being situated as it is, it is more exempt from fire than any other section. The regular lots are 50x140 feet. The sewerage is perfect.

Before buying elsewhere, Parties will do well to look at these Lots.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THISTLE DEW WHISKY.

### PATRONIZE DIRECT IMPORTATION

Demand Increasing Daily and Our Importations are Continually Arriving.



HENRY W. SMITH & CO'S

CELEBRATED  
KENTUCKY  
THISTLE DEW  
WHISKY.

HENRY W. SMITH & CO.  
DISTILLERS,  
Kenton County, 6th Dist. Kentucky.

OFFICE.  
252 & 254 West Third St.  
CINCINNATI.

The above well-known brand has been analyzed by the most prominent chemists and pronounced by all to be

FREE FROM ANY ADULTERATION

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

By the Medical Faculty for medicinal and family purposes. Orders in wholesale taken to be shipped direct from the distillery.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE & RETAIL

W. O. H. MARTIN,  
Sole Agent for Reno, Washoe County, Nevada, and Lassen and Modoc Counties, California.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

### LUMBER.

BUILDING MATERIAL

and MILL WORK of all

Kind. Planing Mill con-

ducted with yard.

JOHN J. VIGOR

RENO LUMBER YARD.

Cor. 3d and Ralston Streets,

Reno, Nevada.

#### PROFESSIONAL.

M. A. GREENLAW,  
DENTIST.

PARLORS IN POWNING'S BUILDING  
Vincent street. Nitrous oxide gas  
administered for painless extraction of  
teeth. All work skillfully performed  
and satisfaction guaranteed.  
OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M. until  
5 P. M., and from 7 to 8 o'clock P. M.

B. C. PLATT,

Veterinary Surgeon.

Reno, Nevada.

W. M. BOARDMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office in National Bank Building.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

\$15,000. \$15,000.

## NINTH ANNUAL FAIR

OF THE

Agricultural Association, District II.

Composed of the counties of

PLUMAS, LASSEN, SIERRA & MODOC

(Washoe County, Nevada; Lake and  
Gardner Counties, Oregon; and Butte  
County, California admitted to  
District for racing purposes.)

—AT—

Susanville, Lassen Co.,

—BEGINNING—

Monday, September 24, 1888

AND CONTINUING FIVE DAYS.

Purses, \$10,000. Premiums, \$5,000.

LADIES' TOURNAMENT.

Tuesday and Thursday at 10 A. M.  
Six Money. First, \$25; Second, \$15;  
Third, \$10; Fourth, \$5;  
Fifth, \$3; Sixth, \$2.

BASE BALL GAME.

Free to all Clubs of the District; Purses,  
\$500. Under management of Com-  
peting Clubs. Entrance, 10 per  
cent of purse.

SPEED PROGRAMME.

Money in all races to be divided as fol-  
lows: First, 50 per cent; Second, 25  
per cent; Third, 10 per cent; un-  
less otherwise specified. All races free  
for all unless otherwise specified.

FIRST DAY.

1. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

2. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

3. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

4. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

5. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

6. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

7. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

8. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

9. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

10. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

11. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

12. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

13. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

14. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

15. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

16. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

17. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

18. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

19. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

20. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

21. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

22. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

23. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

24. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

25. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

26. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

27. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

28. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

29. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

30. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

31. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

32. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

33. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

34. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

35. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

36. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

37. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

38. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

39. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

40. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

41. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

42. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

43. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

44. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

45. TROTTING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

46. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

47. RUNNING—3 mile class, 3 in 5; purse,  
\$200. District.

## THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

"I wouldn't stand it!" said Myra Bell,  
with a flash in her blue eyes which would  
make one think she really would not  
stand much without protest.

"But I know he loves me best of all,"  
gently answered her stately, dark-eyed  
friend, Ione Valon. "If I had a doubt of  
his affection I would set him free to-day;  
but, much as he pains me, greatly as he  
sometimes seems to neglect me, I know  
that in his heart he cares for no woman  
as he does for me."

A faint color was in her olive cheeks,  
a touch of pain shadowed her steady, gentle  
eyes, but Myra tossed her blonde head  
angrily.

"Then let him prove it," she said sharply.  
"Why, one might swear he was the  
lover of that cousin of Jack's, he hangs  
about her so constantly since she came  
here. I just met them now riding to-  
gether. Why don't you pay him back in  
similar coin? Flirt with some nice fellow  
and have as merry a time as he has."

Ione smiled.

"Pray, where would I find the man who  
would permit me to flirt with him?" she  
asked, leaning back indolently in her gar-  
den chair, a slight curl on her young lip.

"Myra, you are laughing at me."

"Not I," asserted Myra, bringing down  
a little foot with some show of force on  
the green sward; "let me loan you my  
Jack."

"What!" Ione sat erect, genuinely sur-  
prised. "You would have me flirt with  
Jack Atherton, my dear Myra?"

"I know that Jack was over his ears in  
love with you two years ago," said Myra  
laughingly. "He told me all about it  
when he asked me to wear his ring; but  
that is all over and Jack loves me now, if  
I love Jack; but I want you to let him  
play the devoted admirer to you for a  
month or so, just to see how Roy Howell  
likes it."

"He doesn't know Jack is anything to  
me, and when he finds him at your side  
half the time he may give you more of his  
own precious time and less to every  
precious girl he meets. See here, Ione, if  
he really loves you it will teach him that  
it is possible to love you, and, dear, I love  
you too well to look on and see you neg-  
lected as you have been lately. May I tell  
Jack?"

A painful flush was on Ione's face; she  
tried to smile, but her lips quivered. Ah,  
it stung her sorely, even in her perfect  
faith, to find that any fair face could love  
her lover, and that he could go hither and  
thither with devotion that he had pledged  
to her.

"Yes, I will try the experiment," she  
said at last, and Myra sprang up and  
kissed her.

"Do, dear," she said eagerly; "and here  
he comes now, riding like a prince through  
the sunlight. Ione, begin to-day—this  
very hour! Go in and don your riding  
dress; tell them to saddle your pretty  
pony, and while you're gone I will explain  
to Jack. You shall ride with him to-day—  
every day; and now go, Ione, go; hurry!  
He'll be in ten minutes or I'll not loan  
you my precious Jack."

So, half-coaxed, half-pulled out of her  
chair, Ione stood up and went toward the  
house, while Jack Atherton, in obedience  
to a small beckoning hand, turned in at  
the gate and cantered up the drive.

Now, Jack was a handsome young man  
as one might care to see, with a bronzed,  
laughing face and a pair of sunny, dusky  
eyes, and it was no secret in the pretty  
little town that he had been very much in  
love with Ione Valon, while the transfer  
of his affections to Myra was a happy  
secret between the lovers; so, when twenty  
minutes later, he and Ione mounted at the  
door and rode down the drive and out to  
the sunlight of a fair June day, the  
laughter on his firm, handsome lips and  
the hot color on Ione's young face might  
very easily be misread.

Cantering through the main street of  
the town, they wound their way along  
the riverbank, and there, dashing over the  
hard roadway with the soft, cool river  
breeze on their faces—with the laughter  
yet dancing from Jack's lips to his eyes,  
and yet the soft red still flushing Ione's  
olive cheeks—they met and passed another  
pair of riders.

Such a pretty girl as Jack's cousin was!  
—all pink and white daintiness and big  
gray eyes and glossy, golden hair—but Roy  
Howell, riding with her beside the river,  
suddenly turned from her dainty, girlish  
features to look after the dark-eyed girl whom  
he had neglected for her.

"That was cousin Jack; who is the  
lady?" asked Miss Atherton, after they  
had passed with a few merry words.

"Miss Valon."

"Ah! He has been in love with her,  
then, for a long time. I hope she cares  
for Jack, he is such a noble fellow."

"Why was it that cousin Jack was so  
suddenly distasteful to Roy Howell? He  
shook out his rein impatiently."

"Miss Valon is betrothed," he said, dis-  
tinctly.

"To Jack?"

"No; to another."

The pretty, babyish lips widened in a  
soft, merry laugh, which somehow did  
not please the youth.

"Then let that other man look to it; let  
him guard her from my fascinating cou-  
sin," she said, "or Jack will steal his  
sweetheart; for Jack is one of the very  
nicest young men I have ever met, Mr.  
Howell, and such men as he seldom woo  
in vain. You know him, though."

"Yes, I know him, but I have found  
nothing wonderful in his composition. The  
sun is setting, Miss Atherton; shall we  
turn homeward?"

"Yes, and when we ride to-morrow—"

"Pardon me, but I have an engagement  
which will prevent my riding to-morrow."

She looked at him in wonder. For a  
month he had been her daily cavalier,  
was the pleasant flirtation at an end and  
her visit only half finished?

Ah! perhaps he had heard of her en-  
gagement to Leonard Blaine, the dandy  
of her native city, and that was why he  
would not ride with her on the morrow.

A vain little smile dawned on her lips.  
If he had Leonard's money; but, perhaps,  
she would not allow him to spoil her  
visit by giving up those long, lovely  
rides, those pleasant wanderings in the  
sunset, those delightful rows on the river;  
and when she parted with him at her  
uncle's he had forgotten all about his  
slight unfaithfulness concerning Jack,  
his betrothed, and had promised to give  
Miss Atherton a row the afternoon of the  
day that would follow on the morrow.

"To-morrow I will give to Ione," he  
thought, generously; "I'll call around to-  
night and ask her at what hour she'll be  
ready. Guess I'll take her for a drive.  
Poor child! she must have missed me  
lately."

But when he called at Ione's home in  
the evening he did not find her, as usual,  
waiting to welcome him with loving  
eyes and shy, sweet glances; she had  
gone with Mr. Atherton to spend the  
evening at Myra's.

He started; she didn't miss him so  
greatly, after all, then.

He sat on the veranda chatting with  
Mr. Valon until the evening was far  
spent, and then Ione and Jack came  
slowly up the path, his mellow laugh

flowing out on the still air, followed by  
the girl's silver ripple of merriment. It  
irritated Roy, why he could not have  
told.

"Now, say something decidedly cool to  
him," Jack whispered to his companion  
when he saw the waiting lover; and Roy  
saw the best head, the devoted attitude,  
the whispering lips of Jack; but then he  
knew how her face would light at sight  
of him. What was Jack Atherton to  
her?

She ran lightly up the steps and gave  
him the most careless, indifferent greet-  
ing in the world.

"I am glad papa was not alone," she  
said cheerfully, taking the chair Jack  
drew forward for her, although Roy had  
drawn one forward too. "Had I known  
you were here we might have remained  
an hour longer; and the evening has been  
so pleasant."

Roy felt as though he had dreamed a  
dream and was awakening from it. Was  
this his gentle, adoring sweetheart?

Jack, stationed at her chair back, gave  
an inward chuckle. Roy stood there,  
unbending and unsmiling.

"I have waited to see you, Ione," he  
said distinctly in a tone touched with  
annoyance. "I want to ask at what  
hour I may call to take you for a drive  
to Palmer. You said once that you  
would like to go there."

"Too late, old fellow," put in Jack, with  
a broad smile. "Miss Valon has promised  
to take that very ride with me to-mor-  
row."

Roy turned to Ione with a start, but  
she was not looking at him; her dark  
eyes, smiling and soft, were turned up-  
ward to meet a glance as tender as he  
could make it—from Jack.

"You will not go with me to-morrow?"  
Roy asked her.

"I have promised to go with Jack—Mr.  
Atherton."

"Then you will ride with me on the fol-  
lowing day?"

"Our tennis battle comes off that day,"  
reminded Jack softly.

Roy turned upon him with a frown.

"You seem to monopolize Miss Valon's  
time," he said curtly.

"I would like to," was Jack's unmoved  
answer, and then, thinking he had done  
all required of him, he took his leave.

Mr. Valon had disappeared, and the be-  
trothed lovers were alone, and Ione was as  
cool and serene as Roy was hot and an-  
gry.

"See here, Ione," he began, "this is the  
first time you have treated me in this  
manner, and I want to understand it.  
Are you going to throw me over for Jack  
Atherton? Be honest with me. Are  
you?"

"Does my being civil to him annoy you,  
Roy?"

"Civil to him! Why, you have declined  
two invitations from me to accept his, if  
you prefer him to me, as you certainly  
seem to, since you take his escort when  
mine is at your service."

"But your escort is so rarely at my ser-  
vice of late, Roy; and if preference is  
given to the one whose society is sought  
most, you for a month have cared not for  
me, but for Jack's cousin."

"Ione, do you think I care for any wom-  
an but yourself?"

"No, dear," she answered, lifting her  
eyes to his with the olden sweetness in  
them; "you love me best, but you forget  
me sometimes."

"Never, my darling," he cried passion-  
ately, dropping on one knee beside her  
chair and putting his arms about her;  
"never for an hour of my life! And I  
will promise you now that, after keeping  
one engagement which I have made with  
Miss Atherton, I will not even look at  
her again if I can help it. You'll go with  
me to-morrow, Ione, and send Jack an  
excuse!"

"No, Roy; since you intend to keep an  
engagement with Miss Atherton I will  
keep mine with her cousin."

He remembered the words of the blonde,  
"Jack may steal his sweetheart," and his  
face darkened.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that  
I am jealous of Jack Atherton? Don't  
tease me if you love me, dear."

"Then give me consideration for con-  
sideration, Roy."

And he vowed in his soul he would.

The next evening Myra received a note  
from Ione which she seemed greatly to  
enjoy. It ran thus:

"I return you, my precious Jack, dear  
Myra; the experiment has been a com-  
plete success."

STEEL NEEDLES.

The Sewing Implements That Preceded  
Them.

It is impossible to say who were the in-  
ventors of needles; for at a very early  
period rude attempts were made among  
various uncivilized nations to form such  
an article out of bone, ivory or like ma-  
terials, in order to stitch together their  
clothes. Doubtless our first mother em-  
ployed such an instrument, along with  
the fibre of plants, etc., as thread.

But fine needles of metal were in com-  
mon use among the more refined nations  
of antiquity, as the Hindoos, Chinese,  
Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks  
and Romans. Pliny mentions the ladies  
of his day as having needles of bronze for  
sewing and knitting; and numbers have  
been found in Egyptian tombs that must  
have been made some 4,000 years ago.

The steel needle was first manufactured  
in Spain, where the process of making it  
was long kept a secret, whence it was  
first imported into England in the time of  
Queen Elizabeth.

In 1550, Christopher Greening, at Long  
Creeden, in Buckinghamshire, erected  
needle works, and thus began the manu-  
facture of an article for which England is  
famed throughout the world.

His Importance.

This is told of Long John Wentworth, an  
early Chicago dealer, was a citizen who wanted  
to make everybody believe he owned the  
town, and that it could not get along without  
him. In '49 he concluded to go to Cali-  
fornia, pick up a bushel of gold and return  
to his former glory. But he didn't come  
back for thirty years, and one pleasant day  
he was seen going along the streets he had  
formerly known hunting for survivors, so to  
speak. They were few and far between and  
finally he met Mr. Wentworth.

"Why, Mr. Wentworth," he exclaimed  
warmly, "how do you do?" and he grabbed  
him by the hand.

"Aw, blank," the old gentleman drawled,  
as he shook him in a limp kind of a way,  
"aw, blank, how do you do? I didn't miss  
you. Have you been out of town?"

It was too much for the returned pros-  
perous and he took the next train back to the  
States.

What the Average Watch Is.

The average watch is composed of 175  
different pieces, comprising upwards of  
2,400 separate and distinct operations in  
its manufacture.

The balance has 15,000 beats or vibrations  
per hour, 15,000,000 in thirty days, 115,  
000,000 in one year; it travels 143,100 inches  
with each vibration, which is equal to  
33-1/2 miles in twenty-four hours, 821-1/2  
miles in thirty days, or 500 3/4 miles in  
one year.